

Alexander's Magazine



FEBRUARY, 1907

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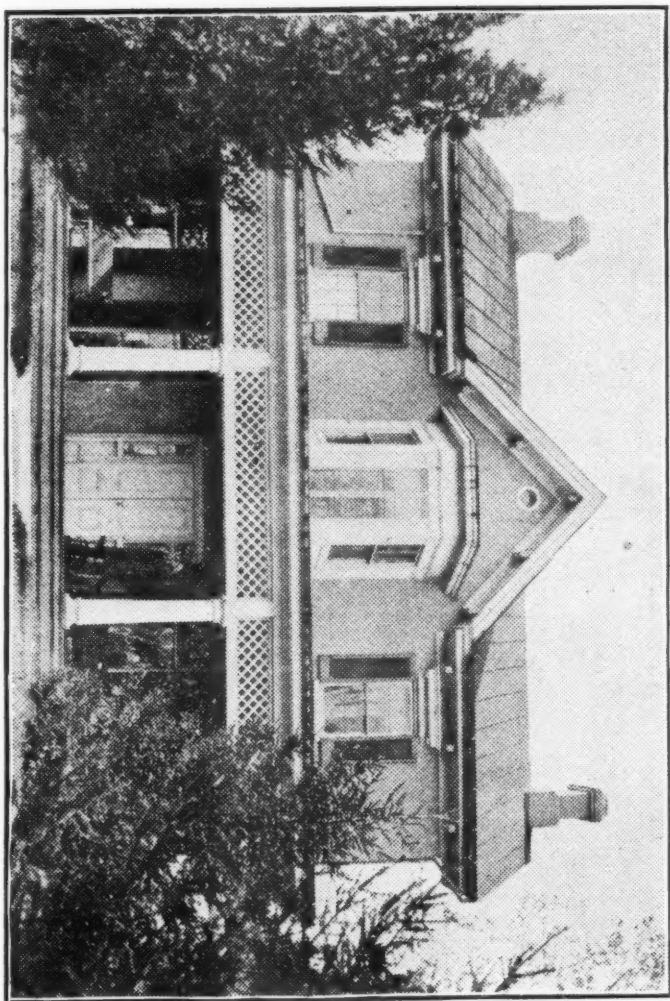
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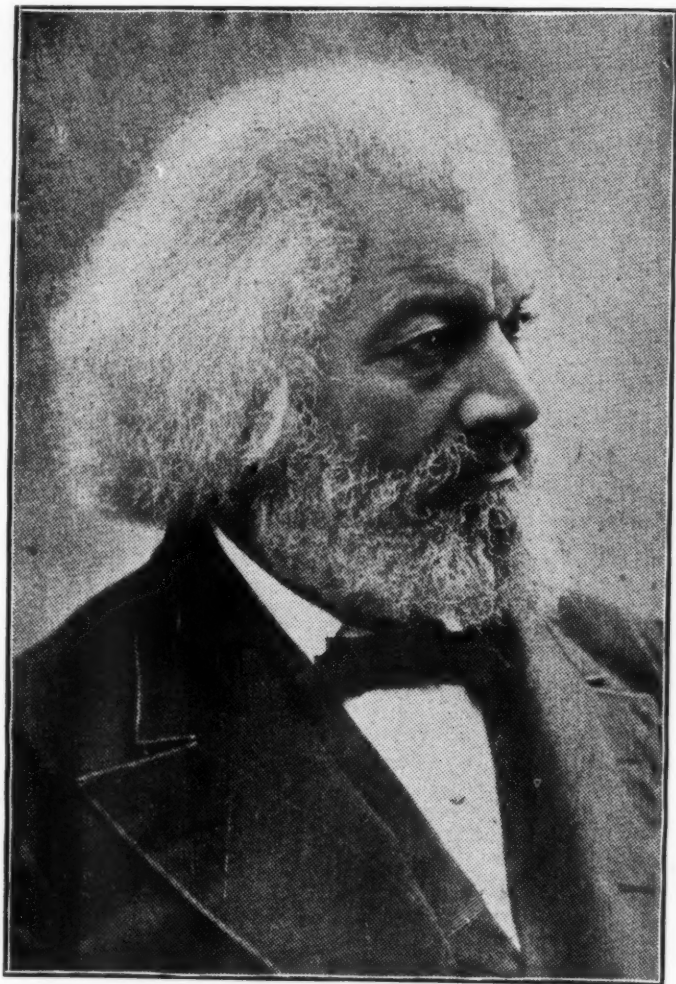
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Devoted to the Spreading of Reliable Information Concerning the Operation of Educational Institutions in the South, the Moral, Intellectual, Commercial and Industrial Improvement of the Negro Race in the United States. Published on the Fifteenth Day of each Month. Entered as Second-Class Matter on May 3, 1905, at the Post Office at Boston Massachusetts, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879

CHARLES ALEXANDER - - - Editor and Publisher
714 SHAWMUT AVE., BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

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Vol. 3 FEBRUARY 15, 1907 No. 4

Editorial Department

A FEARLESS SOUTHERN LEADER.
Slavery and the Race Problem in the South, With Special Reference to the State of Georgia.

Address of Hon. Wm. H. Fleming Before the Alumni Society of the State University.—Boston, Dana Estes & Co.

We owe grateful thanks to Mr. Fleming for his manly, straightforward and unprejudiced address; to Mr. Estes for his reproduction of the same in a most readable form, and to President Roosevelt for his endorsement of it as "admirable, alike for its fearlessness, its sanity, and the high purpose which it shows." It should be mentioned, before saying anything about the address itself, that any "profits arising from its publication will be devoted to educational work in the South," which fact should in itself lead to its wide circulation in this part, at any rate, of the United States.

Perhaps the most admirable portion of the speech is its entire abstention from personal allusions. Mr. Fleming begins by telling his hearers that in the beginning of the 18th century, when the spirit of Christianity did not lack actuality for quite a number of

people in the British plantations, Maryland, Virginia and South Carolina enacted that "Christian baptism should not free a Negro slave."

After this all that followed in those parts up to 1861 was the most natural thing in the world; so much so, that even now a sane southern statesman has to remind his audience that the obligation which a race long civilized should feel, of leading and directing one not so much blessed, does not carry with it the right to enslave.

At the same time Mr. Fleming holds that historically (if not Christianly) the South was right as to slavery and secession; only that "public opinion had outgrown the constitution," inasmuch that when the 13th amendment to the latter, abolishing slavery, was passed, it brought untold "relief to many thoughtful minds in the South" itself.

Then again Mr. Fleming, though he holds that the enactment of the 15th amendment granting to the Freedman equal electoral rights was merely a "choice of what seemed to be the lesser evil," shows his own view of this question as it stands today so manfully and unmistakably, as to compel us to quote him in full:

"The 15th amendment may, by negative acquiescence of the American people, become for a time a dead letter, but that three-fourths of the forty-five or more states will ever affirmatively repeal it for the purpose of allowing five or six southern States to withhold from our Negro citizens, as a race, the right to the ballot, is, to my mind, a hallucination too extreme for serious consideration.

If these post-bellum amendments of the Constitution bearing upon slavery shall ever be altered by future amendments, the alteration will be in the direction of placing under Federal control the entire subject of suffrage qualifications in all National and State elections."

Bold, uncompromising statement of the truth always tells in the long run, but were not the good young twentieth century hurrying on, though with many blunders, to a higher civilization, we should not be able so soon to rejoice at this brave, plain speech, having already had a notable effect in the good old Georgian State in which it was delivered.

On the subject of "Race Purity" we are unable to follow Mr. Fleming in his arguments and conclusions. We all of us know what it was that, before the war, as he puts it, "wrought much contamination of Caucasian blood," and we can easily forgive his putting it in that way, but we venture to say that there are very few of us out of the millions who share that contaminated Caucasian blood who look back with other than love and pity to our African great grandmothers and more or less active contempt to our white great grandfathers. It is true that "immigration will help the solution of the problem," but the solution which must surely come from the influx into the South of shiploads of working men from Europe, whose forefathers have never taught them that labor, manual or other, is less than honorable, and who themselves have many of them the color of an Octoroon, and the intelligence of an old-time "field hand," will be much delayed and muddled so long as the laws remain which prevent their marrying other than "pure Caucasians" in many of the southern States. As

to "physical facts, barring assimilation" (page 34), we should certainly hold that these point the other way, were the subject worth discussing, but, believing as we do, that in a couple of hundred years or so, the citizen of this country will wonder how there could ever have been two opinions about it, we prefer to leave it to him.

As to the occurrence of the crime which has been made to furnish the excuse for lynching, not entirely confined to the South, Mr. Fleming says most earnestly:

"Abhorrent as are the crimes of some degenerate members of the Negro race, we southern people can never forget the simple faith and tragic loyalty of those thousands of slaves who guarded and protected the women and children at home, while the men were at the front fighting to drive back an invading foe, whose victory meant freedom to those slaves themselves." Surely it is incredible that freedom, which we believe to be good for other folk, has so injured the descendants of those faithful and loyal slaves as to have caused a general degeneracy rather than an advance.

That Mr. Fleming believes in and sympathizes with the advance which those descendants have already made, and looks forward hopefully to the greater and more rapid advances which they will make, so soon as they get a "square deal," is sufficiently apparent. It only remains for us to thank this courageous southern leader for his epoch-making speech and to recommend its careful reading and large distribution to all our fellow citizens, white or colored, in whatever part of this free country they may have their homes.

A LAYMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

Opportunities fall in the way of every man who is resolved to take advantage of them.

* * * * *

The greatest results of human life are usually attained by simple means and the exercise of ordinary qualities.

Practical industry, wisely, cheerfully and vigorously applied, is certain to bring a large measure of success.

* * * * *

Some men are forced by their misdeeds to live in dungeons and cells; others voluntarily seek dark nooks from which they shoot their spiteful arrows at those who pass by in the sunlight.

* * * * *

The greatest slave is not he who is ruled by a despot, great though that evil be; but he who is the thrall of his own moral ignorance, selfishness and vice.

* * * * *

The common life of every day, with all its cares, perplexities, necessities and duties, affords ample opportunity for acquiring experience of the best kind, and its most beaten paths provide the true worker with wide scope for effort and plenty of room for self-improvement.

* * * * *

Racial as well as National progress is the sure sum of individual industry, energy and honesty, while racial as well as national decay is due to individual idleness, selfishness, and vice. What are regarded by the philosopher and the historian as great social evils, will, if carefully analyzed, prove to be but the outgrowth of the perverted life of the individual, and though we may try to cut these apparent evils down and entirely extirpate them by means of strict and rigid laws, they will only spring up with fresh luxuriance in other forms unless the individual conditions of human life and character are radically improved.

* * * * *

It is of comparatively little consequence how a man is governed from without, whilst everything depends upon how he governs himself within. The fact was well stated by Thomas Paine in his "Common Sense;" "Society is produced by our wants, and government by our wickedness; the former promotes our happiness positively by uniting our affections, the latter negatively by restraining our vices. The one encourages intercourse, the other creates distractions.

The first is a patron, the last is a punisher. Government, like dress, is the badge of lost innocence; the palaces of Kings are built upon the ruins of the bowers of paradise."

* * * * *

While the accumulation of money should not be regarded as the chief end of man's life, still it is not to be held in philosophic contempt. It represents the possibilities of security, physical comfort and social well-being. Some of the very finest and best qualities of human nature are intimately related to the right use of money, such as generosity, honesty, justice, and self-sacrifice, as well as the practical virtues of economy and providence. On the other hand, there are their counterparts of avarice, fraud, injustice and selfishness, as displayed by those inordinate lovers of gain for gain's sake, and the vices of thriftlessness, extravagance and improvidence.

* * * * *

The spirit of self-help is the very root of all genuine growth in the individual as well as the race—it is the one chief characteristic that constitutes the real source of racial vigor and national strength. The well-worn maxim, "Heaven helps those who help themselves," embodies in a limited compass the results of vast human experience. Help from without too often enfeebls in its effects, while help from within invariably inspires and invigorates. Whatever is done for men or classes, to a certain extent takes away the fine stimulus and necessity of doing for themselves, and where men are tenderly cared for, the inevitable tendency is to render them comparatively helpless.

* * * * *

While in the wonderful progress toward human civilization, only a few names stand out on the pages of history like beacon-lights—only a few individuals have distinguished themselves beyond the multitude about them—only a few have commanded the admiration and homage of the masses, yet this progress has been due largely to thousands of smaller and unknown men who have supported the captains and the generals in the

great battle of life. Though only the generals' names may be carved into marble and moulded into bronze and recorded in the history of any great campaign, yet it must not be forgotten that it was mainly through the individual valor and heroism of the privates the victories were won. The humblest man or woman in the community who sets before his fellows an example of frugality, industry, sobriety, and upright honesty of purpose in life, has a present as well as a future influence upon the well-being of his race and country; for his life and character pass unconsciously into the lives of others, and propagate good example for all time to come.

* * * * *

Two rich, sensuous men, in New York high life, in pursuit of a beautiful butterfly in human form, whose fickle-mindedness and yielding disposition, had the effect of a magic charm on each, have been brought to grief—one is dead and the other is being tried for murder. In the way of the world these men were both regarded as gentlemen. But the logic of events proves that neither wealth nor rank, nor education, nor talent have any necessary connection with genuine gentlemanly qualities. The poor man may be a true gentleman in spirit and in fact as well as the man of means and lofty social position. It too frequently happens that the man of great riches and luxury is less a real gentleman than the humbler and plainer citizen. The poor man may be honest, cheerful, truthful, hopeful, upright, polite, temperate, courageous, self-respecting and self-supporting, and these are the elements that go to make up a true gentleman. The humblest Negro in the land may cultivate these qualities in a superlative degree, and by them exert a wholesome and beneficent influence over all with whom he comes in contact. The poor Negro with a rich spirit, lofty purpose, and high ideals, is a more useful citizen than the most pompous, powerful and domineering autocrat of great wealth, whose sole object in life is to satisfy his grosser passions and who holds in light regard the amenities of decent society. In her testimony in court, the woman said,

"There would be no place in creation for such women as I if it were not for such men as you."

BEREA AND ITS PRESIDENT STILL A PUZZLE.

Again as we go to press, Berea is to the fore. The meeting of this afternoon (Feb. 14th), at the 20th Century club was in every way a remarkable one. Our readers will doubtless have seen a report of it and its speeches, the best of which was that of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe.

All we have to say about it at the moment is that President Frost, said nothing whatever to answer the pressing question whether or not he has done his best all through his presidency of Berea to give his Colored pupils a square deal. The fact of their members having decreased to 200, while that of the Anglo-Saxon mountaineer pupils was 1200, when the legislature of Kentucky enacted that there should be no more co-education of the races, may merely mean that President Frost, as is alleged, had worked to bring about that disparity all through his presidency, and that question is just what the supporters of Berea in these parts want to have answered before they continue their support.

* * * * *

A writer in the Boston Herald for Sunday, February 17, tells how the Negro was virtually frozen out at Berea College by the officers of the institution before the iniquitous state law was enacted or even proposed. He informs the public also that many of the pledges and gifts which endowed Berea were made with the understanding that they were for the benefit of the Negro and were so stipulated. The Negro owns an equal, if not a larger share than the white man in the institution. The philanthropists of New England are seriously concerned about this change of policy in the affairs of Berea.

* * * * *

Bishop C. S. Smith of the A. M. E. Church, writing from Monrovia, Liberia, West Africa, to the Detroit Informer expresses the belief that Chi-

matic conditions are rapidly changing in West Africa; that the climate is greatly improved over what it was 12 years ago and he is very favorably impressed with internal improvement.

The corner-stone of the Negro Building at the Jamestown Exposition was laid February 14th. The company, which has undertaken to erect this building has furnished bonds for \$15,000 as a guarantee that the work will be complete by April 26th.

A convention of Negro Journalists is called to meet in the Negro Building at the Jamestown Exposition, July 4th.

Hon. Christopher J. Perry, one of the most successful Negro journalists in the country, is issuing a daily newspaper, devoted to the interest of the Colored people in Philadelphia, Pa.

Through the American Baptist Home Mission Society, a large, well-equipped university is to be established at Nashville, Ten., to occupy the place of Roger Williams University, which was destroyed by fire some years ago. This university is to cost \$25,000. The Negroes of Tennessee are to raise \$10,000 of this amount.

George Washington, the constructive statesman, was born February 22. Abraham Lincoln, who issued the Emancipation Proclamation, was born February 12. Frederick Douglass, the most distinguished Negro orator and statesman that has been produced in this country, selected as his birthday Feb. 14. It will thus be seen that three of the most distinguished men who have ever lived in the United States were born in the short month of February. Of the three, we unhesitatingly claim that Frederick Douglass had not his peer, but for genuine usefulness—real service to humanity, Abraham Lincoln will stand alone in the annals of our history.

The Negro is to take a conspicuous part in the Jamestown Exposition. The cornerstone of the Negro Building was laid Feb. 14. This building, designed

by W. Sidney Pittman, a Negro architect of Washington, D. C., and is being erected by Bolling & Everett, Negro Contractors of Lynchburg, Va. The ceremonies on Douglass' Birthday were performed by the Masonic Grand Lodge of Virginia, and music was furnished by the Hampton Institute band. Speeches were delivered by Andrew F. Hilyer, secretary of the executive committee; Giles B. Jackson, director general of the Negro Development & Exposition Company of the U. S. A.; W. I. Johnson, president of that company; R. T. Hill, treasurer, and Robert E. Kelser, secretary. Mrs. A. M. Curtis, fiscal agent for the Treasury Department for this exhibit, made an address on the "Negro Woman's Part." Thos. J. Calloway, chairman of the executive committee in charge of the exhibit, also spoke. This day was chosen as the day for the laying of the cornerstone because it was the birthday of Frederick Douglass, the historic anti-slavery agitator.

It developed from the speeches that rapid progress is being made in the collection of exhibits, and that this celebration of the Colored people at the Jamestown Exposition will probably be the most interesting exhibit of its kind that has ever yet been had. A number of interesting features were announced, among them was the large exhibit that is being prepared by the Hampton Institute.

"Reason, observation and experience, the holy trinity of science, have taught us that happiness is the only good—that the time to happy is now—the place to be happy is here—the way to be happy is to make others so."—Ingersoll.

The Rev. Seymour A. Baker, D. D., one of the founders of the Republican party, an anti-slavery agitator, a Methodist Protestant minister and an editor of distinction, died at the age of 92, at Kansas City, Kansas, February 4th. Mr. Baker, one of the promoters of the Kansas City University, took a lively interest in the Negro's cause and was identified with every great movement looking to his fuller emancipation.

In this connection, we wish also to speak of the death of Rev. James Poindexter of Columbus, Ohio, who died at the age of 87 February 11th. Rev. Mr. Poindexter was pastor of the Second Baptist church of Columbus for 55 years. He took an active part in every good movement for the promotion of justice among all classes in the city of Columbus. Was a member of the local council and school board and was several times elected a delegate to the state conventions of the Republican party and was also a delegate to the National Convention in Philadelphia in 1872. He was one of the trustees of the Normal department of Wilberforce University and was highly honored and esteemed by the most distinguished citizens of the state of Ohio.

TWO DRESSINGS.

Just as the story of the evolution of mankind in general in the last century had its Darwin and Wallace and Huxley, so had the evolution of the Afr-Anglian race of mankind of this American continent, which may be said to start fairly with the beginning of the present century, its Dr. Booker T. Washington, and Professors du Bois and Kelly Miller. The last named gentleman very nearly corresponds with the man who, early in the sixties bearded the Bishop of Oxford in his den, and left the orthodox aghast in that most orthodox of cities, and the rest of the English speaking race throughout the world in a general smile at his audacity, whatever it might think of his logic.

So it is with Professor Kelly Miller in this country, in the present day, when he has to tackle such unbelievers in the evolution of his race in this country, as Messrs Thomas Dixon, Jr., and Jno. Temple Graves.

To each of these, during the last two years Prof. Miller has given a very effectual dressing, the first named as to "the Leopard's Spots" with which he had sought to embitter race prejudice, and the last as to his yellow journalism at the time of the Atlanta riot. He leaves the author thus:—"You are hastening the

time when there is to be a positive and emphatic show of hands * * * of those who believe in law and God and constitute order against those who would undermine and destroy the organic bases of society. * * * No wonder Max Nordau exclaimed: 'God, man, are you aware of your responsibility!' And, after scarifying the editor for his reckless demagoguism, he turns from him to remind "the Negro school teacher and minister of the gospel" that "they must bridge over the widening chasm between the educated and the more unfortunate by a practical sympathy and a more vital and brotherly touch."

All this is hopeful and refreshing; but one cannot help saying to himself after seeing these two champions of hatred and disorder demolished, "Are they really worth the powder and shot? Would they not end by hanging themselves if they were left quite alone with plenty of rope?"

Huxley did one good with his hard hittings, but Darwin and Wallace, especially Darwin, were greater men.

Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, the Negro poet who died February 9th, 1906, is remembered by the Culture Club of Springfield, Illinois. On February 3, the Club rendered a special programme made up of selections from the poet's works. The example of the Culture Club of Springfield, Ill., should be followed by similar organizations throughout the United States. It is certain that Paul Laurence Dunbar did more to dignify the Negro race in this country than any other writer of his day. His poems and short stories appeal to all classes of our citizens and some of his lines will linger long in the memory of those who appreciate philosophy and good sense.

Hon. William Tecumseh Vernon, new register of the United States Treasury at Washington, D. C., was tendered a banquet January 30th in Washington by the distinguished Negro citizens representing twenty-seven states.

Rev. H. N. Newsome, D.D., Ph. D., president and general manager of the

National Negro Fair to be held in Mobile, Ala., in October, 1907 invites the editor of Alexander's Magazine to become one of the commissioners of this organization. Representative men from various parts of the country have consented to act as officials in this splendid effort to present the achievements of the Negro at Mobile next October. The enterprise has been incorporated under the laws of the state of Alabama and capitalized at one hundred thousand dollars.

* * * * *

We live in a great age. Our country is a great country. The progress and prosperity of our people are unparalleled in the history of the world. We are blessed with all sorts of institutions. Our achievements along every line of human endeavor have been marvelous. Our industrial activity has been fruitful of remarkable developments. During the brief period in which the Negro race has enjoyed civilized privileges and freedom this race has shared in all of the diversified industries in the accumulation of wealth and in the educational, moral and economical development of the country in common with all other citizens. We should, therefore, think more seriously about our blessings than about our curses. We should cherish the memory of the joyful periods through which we have passed more than we meditate upon the sorrows which have been our lot. We should think more of our prosperity and advancement than about our adversities and handicaps. More of our opportunities than of our lack of them. Indeed, our race in common with humanity in general have much for which to be thankful. Even in our New England latitude, there are more days of sunshine than there are of gloom. There are more people who are law-abiding and self-respecting than those who violate our laws and disregard our institutions. Let us, therefore, be thankful for the blessings which we enjoy; let us realize that laughter, fresh air and sunshine are more conducive to health and longevity of life than weeping and fault-finding. The human being who lives constantly in the atmosphere of hopefulness helps by his

contact every one who is striving to attain a higher, nobler and better position in this life.

PROF. KELLY MILLER.

That was a notable address delivered before the Congregational Club of Boston recently by Prof. Kelly Miller of Howard University, Washington, D. C. Prof. Miller pointed to the fact that the Negro race problem is world-embracing at the present time. In our own country he stated the case in these words, "a weaker race has been dragged into the land of the stronger and incorporated in the body politic as part and parcel of the national race and destiny." And here he showed that the complexity of the problem is brought about on account of the unwillingness of the stronger to yield any point of vantage to the weaker—surely this is a selfish and unbecoming attitude. "Moreover," says the Boston Evening Transcript, commenting on the address, "conditions and circumstances have massed the race in one section to an unfortunate extent, making it the majority part of the community in cases; so that spite of our democratic type of government this majority is suppressed and the national conscience thus stultified. How to adjust the relations of the two races to the requirements of American institutions is the problem. Professor Miller believes that the leaven of the American civilization now that it has got into the Negro masses cannot be arrested, but will complete its perfect work. He insists that "the charge that the educated Negro is madly in quest of social affiliation with the whites is absurdly untrue; his sense of self-respect effectively forbids his forcing himself upon unwelcome association; the social integrity of the white race is within its own keeping." As for the "New South" and its multifarious manufactures and business prosperity this leader of the best aspiration and intellect of his race points to the fact that "underneath it all is the Negro's strong and brawny arm," and that the nation cannot get the Negro strain out of its industrial and economic

fabric, where it is now as inextricably interwoven as it was with our history from the State street massacre to San Juan Hill.

A FRIEND TO THE NEGRO—GONE.

Mr. Walter Allen, who for a number of years, was an editorial writer on the Boston Herald, and whose editorials were always marked by fair-mindedness and wisdom, departed this life at his home in Newton Highlands the early part of February. Not only has the Boston Herald sustained the loss of a loyal, faithful and useful editor, but the Negro race has been deprived of a devoted and sincere friend, whose every effort was to secure justice to all men. The memory of Mr. Walter Allen will long be cherished by members of the race in Massachusetts for his deep and abiding conscientiousness in the discharge of his duty as a journalist. We re-echo the words of the Boston Herald when we say that his conscientiousness was his remarkable characteristic in his pursuit of his profession. "He was a graceful writer, and he brought to his editorial work a broad culture and large fund of information on a great variety of subjects, but his conscientiousness outshone all these acquisitions and accomplishments. He scorned to write what he did not thoroughly believe and he had no use for the arts of the time-servers or the sycophant and this fine equipment was supplemented with a charm and genial nature that made him as lovable as a woman."

This beautiful tribute was richly deserved by Mr. Walter Allen, one of the greatest editorial writers New England has thus far produced.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS' MEMORIAL.

We sincerely hope that our readers in all sections of this country will respond liberally to the appeal sent out by Dr. Booker T. Washington, which appears in another part of this magazine. It would be a pity for our people to allow this splendid opportunity to slip by to do honor to the

memory of the bravest hero the race has thus far produced in this country. Frederick Douglass fought the battles of the race when the clouds of race prejudice and hatred hung low, and when the bitterest feeling was exhibited by the whites against the aspiring black in nearly every part of our land. By sheer force of character, fine qualities of mind, quick perception, keen insight, great eloquence of speech, Frederick Douglass commanded an enviable reputation as a statesman and orator, and was accorded high honor in the counsel of the nation. The memory of his remarkable career should live on forever. Let every reader of this magazine help to perpetuate his memory by responding at once to Dr. Washington's appeal.

INVESTIGATING TUSKEGEE.

The Associated Press has made much ado about the proposition of the Alabama legislation to investigate the working of the Tuskegee Institute. From our personal knowledge we know of no institution in the land that invites more cheerfully a careful scrutiny and investigation of its methods than the Tuskegee Institute. It is one of the really great schools that is conducted on broad, systematic business principles, having no secret methods or schemes to delude or deceive the public. The people of the United States know too well the high character and lofty purposes of the principal of this institution, and we feel certain that no suspicion concerning the methods of the school are entertained by any who know intimately of its usefulness. It must be gratifying, however, to the friends of Tuskegee to learn that very recently, a minute and careful inspection of the methods employed at this school was made by the Hon. Seth Low, former president of the Columbia University of New York, and mayor of the great city of New York, a member of the board of trustees of the institute, and a man of thorough business training and wide experience. Mr. Low made his report to Dr. Robert C. Ogden

president of the board of trustees, after having spent three days in his investigation.

"Speaking in general terms," says Mr. Low, "I am glad to say that I was even more favorably impressed than I expected to be. The entire institution is pervaded by an air of industry and of self-respect that is very striking. Here the young Negro can see on a commanding scale what his race is capable of doing, and here he is evidently inspired by the subtle influence of his surroundings to work hard and to do his best. I found all the buildings, even those which are sometimes neglected, clean, fresh, and in good order. The good air, the brightness and the neatness of the school rooms in particular pleased me very much.

Mr. Low went over the details of the institute's bookkeeping and accounting methods and found throughout the same system employed by the late William H. Baldwin, Jr., in the conduct of the affairs of the Long Island railroad. He says further:

"I found that the institute had a ledger account with every student, even though he should be there only two weeks; that it has a ledger account with every industrial department and with every important department of the farm. These accounts are kept with such minuteness as to show for the last few years the cost of every department and the condition of every student's account. There was no question of financial detail which I could ask relating to the past year, the past month, the past week or the past day, which could not be answered in a moment from the records of the auditor's office. In a word, the system seemed to me ideal and it is carried out with a thoroughness that reflects the greatest credit on all concerned.

The principal receives daily reports from the farm, showing the condition of the herd and the quantity of milk produced, and the like. In addition, there is a committee, consisting of a number of the principal officers and teachers of the school, called a finance committee, which

meets once a week or as often as necessary. When material is wanted for any of the shops, or in fact for any part of the institute a requisition is made by the person immediately responsible. This is first checked by the head of the division, and in that form comes before the finance committee. The requisition, as received by the committee on finance, states in detail what is wanted and the cost, or the estimated cost as the case may be. Nothing whatever is bought in any department of the institute until it has been formally passed upon and approved by the committee on finance."

Concluding his report, Mr. Low commends and endorses the Tuskegee institute as deserving the confidence and heartiest support, not only of the trustees, but of the public generally. He says, "I am quite confident that there are very few institutions of an educational or philanthropical character whose accounts are in better condition than those of Tuskegee, or whose methods of accounting are superior to that of Tuskegee.

Mr. J. B. Taylor, the Negro runner of the University of Pennsylvania, won the principal event, a special race of 600 yards, of the indoor meet of the Pastime Athletic club at Madison Square Garden, New York, recently. Mr. Taylor competed with three of the fastest runners in the country and at the finish had a lead of six inches of Harry Hillman, Jr., of the New York Athletic club.

In fortune's wheel it is the case

A dark horse often wins the race.

RULES OF LIFE.

Do not worry.

Keep sweet. Vinegar in a jug is a good thing, but in people it is a nuisance.

Never depart from the truth.

Be courteous.

Never blame another when it is possible to blame yourself.

Touch elbows with the rank and file.

Keep your discouragements to yourself, hiding them from the world with a cheerful exterior for your own sake and for those around you.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT—HE WINS.

The San Franciscans, who have persisted in their action of excluding Japanese children from the public schools, are now willing to rescind their discriminating order. A delegation from San Francisco, including the mayor, called upon the president. Mr. Roosevelt being in a "bully" frame of mind completely hypnotized his opponents. He explained the situation from his point of view, thoroughly commercial considerations were of more importance to them than the question of whether a few Japanese children should go to their white schools, and the president succeeded in proving this to his callers. Moreover, the diplomatic situation with Japan is such as to demand a reversal of the actions of the California school authorities on the other hand, Japan has war ships and men with just as much grit and nerve as the Yankee has ever had. These in connection with commerce are mighty weapons in these days to command justice and respect.

BUSTER BROWN'S PHILOSOPHY.

Mr. R. F. Outcault, the noted New York cartoonist and creator of the now famous Buster Brown character, puts much sound wisdom and philosophy into the mouth of his subject. Very recently Buster had a little wrestling match with a playmate of his. Neither boy was victor, but both came out of the affray badly damaged in spirit and physical appearance. The significant point is that they forgave each other, whereupon Buster made the following resolution:

Resolved: "That a man is one who will fight and will forgive. It takes more manhood to forgive than it does to fight. The one who holds a grudge is no man. He is doing himself more harm than he is doing the

other chap, because hate is poison to both body and soul."

This is literally the truth. The philosophy enunciated in this resolution is apparent to any observant person. It is quite proper for every individual to have an opinion of his own. Every man has a perfect right to differ from any other man, and if necessary, to fight to maintain his position. But it is more laudable to forgive your opponent and to respect him after the encounter than to carry grudge and hatred in your heart.

The same fist that gives a solar-plexus should be extended a friendly and hearty grasp of the defeated one. This is what makes the victor in a prize fight a hero, and not simply a bundle of brute force. Fight for right principle, but do not kill another who simply holds a different view from you. Let your tactics be manly, and if the other fellow shows a flag of truce, respect it and admire him for his courage. If you lose, bear the defeat sportsmanlike—shake hands and be friends. Do not carry a grudge; it is excessive baggage and will be at length sufficient in weight to force you to your knees.

The Way of Life

Oh, come, Love, let us take a walk,

Down the Way of Life together;

Storms may come, but what care we

If be fair or foul the weather.

When the skies are blue o'erhead

Balmy scented winds will after

Us a-down the valley blow,

Haunting echoes of our laughter.

Tho' Life's storms upon us beat,

Crushing us with dark disaster.

All their raging may not drown

Ringing echoes of our laughter.

So we'll tread the Way of Life,

You and I, Love, both together;

Storm or sunshine, what care we

If be fair or foul the weather!

CARRIE W. CLIFFORD.

The Upbuilding of Liberia, West Africa

By Francis H. Warren.

What is destined to be one of the most beneficial movements ever inaugurated by any race of people is the impending emigration to Liberia of a class of Afro-Americans that will mean much to that beautiful country in its upward and onward march towards becoming one of the greater nations of the earth.

It would seem that a guiding Providence sent the Negro to America for no other purpose than to have him fitted for the work of carrying the light of christianity and civilization back to the Dark Continent, and thus redeem the millions of souls there from the blighting effects of barbarism practiced among themselves and inflicted upon them by some of their task-masters.

The one country in Africa that will serve as an open door is Liberia. This nation was founded by Afro-Americans and is now governed by them and has always kept its door wide open to American Negroes, according them a most cordial welcome. In fact, it offers special inducements for their immigration.

Liberia is situated on the west coast of Africa between the Ivory coast on the south and Sierra Leone on the north, its climate is said to be the most healthful on the entire west coast, ranging from a hot climate along the coast to a more temperate one in the high hinterlands.

It contains about 50,000 square miles of land, has a stretch of coast 300 miles long, and reaches back into the hinterland over 150 miles. There is said to be very little waste land in the entire country and nearly all of it could be made to produce abundant crops, and in many instances two and three crops each year. Its possibilities for sustaining a large population may be best estimated by comparison with Japan. The latter

country has an area of nearly 50,000 square miles, only 19,000 of which is arable land capable of producing crops, and yet Japan has sustained a population of more than 40,000,000 souls with this cultivated area of only 19,000 square miles of land.

Japan's climate is about the same as our American climate, and only one crop may be produced each year, so it would appear to be a rather easy task for Liberia to sustain a population 50,000,000 with a much larger area of tillable land capable of two or more crops each year. The country is well watered with streams, and these furnish sufficient water power to abundantly supply the entire country with electricity for commercial purposes.

Liberia is blessed with a most excellent force of executive officials at the present time. President Barclay is described as being a profound student and a highly cultured gentleman of broad gauge, and of most liberal character. He is a native of the West Indies, and, in fact, the entire government force is composed mostly of Afro-Americans or their descendants. Afro-American immigrants are admitted to full citizenship upon swearing allegiance to the government, and they are the only class of people on earth accorded this privilege.

Any able-bodied, ambitious persons with sufficient capital to sustain themselves for one year after paying expenses of the trip from the United States, Canada, or West Indies, to Liberia, will make immigrants acceptable to the people of Liberia. Persons afflicted with extreme poverty, or disease, should not attempt to go to Liberia, nor should persons above the age of 50. What the country needs most is first-class farmers to raise and market the staple prod-

ucts of the country. Liberian cotton, tobacco and coffee always command profitable returns. Then there is need of professional men and women as teachers, civil, mechanical and electrical engineers, ambitious capitalists to erect manufacturing establishments. This field promises large returns. For instance, we understand there is not an ice plant in the entire country, yet Monrovia alone has a population of about 10,000. Then tradesmen of all kinds will find Liberia a most inviting and profitable field. But all should have some capital after landing in their adopted home. Liberians say that immigrants only need sufficient means for six months' support, but it seems to me that provisions for one year's rations would be far safer.

The time when persons may immigrate to Liberia with greatest safety is at the commencement of what is known as the dry season, which lasts from October to April, and we have accordingly set September 1st as a proper date of departure. Certainly this date should not be deferred more than 60 days to November 1st in any one year. This gives one time to become acclimated before meeting with the rigors of the wet season which corresponds to our winter season except for the cold experienced in the North. Thus far about 600 persons of the character named have declared their intention of joining the party leaving in September, 1907, and it is hoped that all of these and possibly several hundred more will join the 1907 party. One thousand persons will not be too many.

With this number very advantageous rates of transportation may be secured. For instance, \$50 contributed by each of 1000 immigrants for freight on their goods and passage for themselves would produce a fund of \$50,000, and this large sum will be ample to employ a large, splendidly equipped ship to carry the party to Africa, together with all their belongings. Compare this with the present cost of \$100 for bare transportation of one person via Liverpool, the wisdom of forming large parties becomes very apparent.

Every person intending to join a party emigrating to Liberia should send in their name for registration to The Detroit Informer, 188 Randolph street, Detroit, Michigan, enclosing two 2-cent stamps for reply and registration blanks. These will be mailed to each person to be filled out and returned together with instructions as to further preparation.

One of two parties should go out to Liberia each year until a regular steamship service will be inaugurated because of the increasing business between the two countries.

I have previously, on several occasions, shown that the fiscal policy known as the single tax or "Henry George" system, would, if adopted by any country in its entirety, practically enforce, certainly induce, the practice of the Golden Rule between man and man. That it is exceedingly difficult to institute a great and beneficial reform of this character in a highly developed country, such as the United States, where the interests and dimensions of the special privileged classes are well-nigh co-extensive with its wealth and greatness, was greatly emphasized in the campaign for governor of Ohio three years ago in which the chief issue was the single tax. The special privileged classes found it so easy, by falsehood and misrepresentation, to deceive the masses of voters into believing their interests would be jeopardized if the single tax candidate should be elected that a very large majority was returned against him.

When the writer first learned of the great benefit the introduction into law of the Henry George system of taxation would be to humanity and how by this method a more perfect civilization may be evolved than the world has yet experienced, his first thoughts for its development turned to Liberia. Here is a large territory where civilized development has hardly yet begun and where there are only about 20,000 Afro-Americans in a population of a million and a half. We propose to colonize the hinterlands of this country, and ask the government for the privilege of raising our taxes according to our

own plans, and we have every reason to believe that our request will be granted. Herein lies a great opportunity for colored Americans, with single tax proclivities, to join with us in civilizing that part of Liberia now occupied by semi-civilized tribes of natives and there work out a true civilization that we believe will eventually dominate the earth. And what a grand contribution to the cause of humanity Afro-Americans would thus give to the world can only be estimated by a study of "Social Problems" and "Progress and Poverty" by the late Henry George.

Allotment of Lands.

Each adult immigrant to Liberia is allotted 15 acres of land. This allotment will provide homes of 15 acres each for 2,133,333 families, or for about 12,000,000 persons out of the total area of Liberia, to say nothing of the vast population that will grow up in the cities and towns.

The United States alone can well afford 100,000 Afro-Americans of the best class to assist in accomplishing this great work, and by the time these were well established in Liberia there will have been added two or three millions more to population of Negroes in America through natural processes.

A MEMORIAL TO DOUGLASS

Tuskegee Institute, Ala.,

February 1, 1907.

It is now nearly twelve years since Frederick Douglass, to whom the Negro people owe more than to any other man of our race, for the part he took in securing our freedom, died in Washington, D. C. His home at Anacostia, in the suburbs of Washington, still remains, however, and an effort is now being made to preserve this house with its memories and traditions and make it a permanent memorial to Douglass and the Negro people.

An association, known as the Frederick Douglass Historical Association, has been formed to effect this purpose. The people of our race have a rare opportunity to honor the memory of Frederick Douglass and to show their love and reverence for the man, who during the trying times before and after the war, embodied in his own life, more than any other man of our race, the aspirations and the cause of the Negro people. I have been asked by the officers of the Memorial Association to assist in securing the comparatively small sum of money amounting to \$5,400 and interest, necessary to clear off the mort-

gage on the property and so secure the property for all time to the association and the Negro people of the United States. We should make Cedar Hill to the Negro people what Mt. Vernon is to the white race.

All of this can be accomplished if every member of the race would contribute at once, a small sum of money and send it to me by Postoffice order, check or otherwise as soon as this communication is read. I am making this appeal by the authority of the officers of the Frederick Douglass Memorial and Historical Association, and with the approval and sympathy of Mr. Douglass' immediate family. Now is the time when Mr. Douglass' birthday is being celebrated and talked of in all parts of the country, for the race to show its love for Douglass, not only in words, but in deeds. I shall hope to receive within the next few days this money, which can be sent in sums of from twenty-five cents up. After the money has been secured to clear off the mortgage, I am sure that steps will be taken to put the place in condition to serve the purpose mentioned.

The following letter, written to me by the officers of the Frederick Doug-

lass Memorial and Historical Association, will make the situation clear:

Washington, D. C., Dec. 17, '06.

Dr. Booker T. Washington.

Dear Mr. Washington:—There is an encumbrance of fifty-four hundred dollars (\$5400), bearing 6% interest, payable semi-annually against the Douglass property. This property consists of about fourteen acres of land in the heart of Anacostia, on a hill giving a beautiful view of the Potomac river and city for several miles. It is the opinion of experts that when the Government completes the new bridge and the reclamation of flats, this property will be worth at least \$5,000 an acre. Its actual value is now \$1,500 an acre. It is exempt from taxes by the act of Congress incorporating the Frederick Douglass Memorial and Historical Association. The Association needs at least the \$5,400 to lift the mortgage. In the course of time about nine acres of the property could be cut up into building lots and sold, and with the proceeds of such sale Cedar Hill could be endowed with ample funds to meet the wants of the Douglass Memorial Association in perpetuity.

ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKE, Pres.

WHITFIELD MCKINLEY, Sec.

FRANCIS J. GRIMKE, Treas.

The following pledges have already been received:

Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Ala.	\$150.00
J. Douglass Wetmore, 5 Beckman St., N. Y.	100.00
Daniel Murray, 934 S St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	5.00
Robert Pekham, 2236 Sixth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	5.00
Prof. Kelley Miller, Howard Uni., Washington, Pd.	5.00
Wm. L. Board, 1911 13th St., N. W., Washington	5.00
Archibald Grimke, 1413 Corcoran St., Washington, Pd.	5.00
A U. Craig, Anacostia, D. C.	5.00
H. P. Slaughter, 2236 13th St., N. W., Washington	5.00
Prof. L. B. Moore, Howard Uni. Washington, D. C.	5.00
Dr. F. L. Shadd, 901 R St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	5.00
A. S. Gray, 1833 Vermont Ave., N. W., Washington	5.00

Dr. P. B. Brooks, 306 Third St., N. W., Washington, Pd.	5.00
Dr. P. B. Brooks, paid for daughter	5.00
Judge R. H. Terrell, 326 T St., N. W., Washington	5.00
Whitfield McKinley, 936 F St., N. W., Washington	10.00
Albertus Brown, 1725 Tenth St., N. W., Washington	5.00
James W. Johnson, for Rosamond Johnson, N. Y. City..	25.00
J. A. Lankford, for Washington Negro Business League	20.00
Fred McCracken, 1413 Corcoran St., Washington, D. C.	5.00
Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, 326 T St., N. W., Washington....	5.00
Miss Angellna Grimke (by Archibald Grimke)	5.00
Wilberforce Graduates (by W. A. Joiner) Washington, D. C.	25.00
Dr. W. S. Lofton, 1543 M St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	5.00
John C. Duncy, 2139 L St., N. W. Washington, D. C.	5.00
Mrs. Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Alabama	25.00
J. R. Cox, Tuskegee, Alabama.	10.00
Bernard Walton, 322 Spruce St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	5.00
George Walker, 322 Spruce St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	5.00
R. L. Pendleton, 1826 11th St., Washington, D. C.	5.00
Rev. J. A. Moreland, 1932 11th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	5.00
William L. Pollard, 609 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	5.00
J. L. Goines, 1930 14th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	5.00
Mrs. A. S. Gray, (By Arthur S. Gray) Washington, D. C.	5.00
W. J. Singleton, 2102 Ward P., N. W., Washington, D. C.	5.00
J. A. Cobb, 609 F St., N. W., Washington, D. C.	5.00

I hope that much additional money will be sent at once. All money will be acknowledged with proper credit.

I shall be glad to furnish you with such additional information as you may desire.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON,
Tuskegee Institute, Ala.



MY CREED.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfume of sympathy and affection which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without flowers, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the troubled spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over life's weary way.

—Ingersoll.

Stage Life

With more Colored theatrical organizations on the road during the season of 1906-7 than ever before, it is generally conceded that Ernest Hogan, "the unbleached American," starting for the second and last season in Rufus Rastus under the management of Hurtig and Seamon is finding the box office receipts more inviting and accept-



MR. HARRY FIDLER.

able than any of the rival companies. Starting out early in September, playing continuous engagements without a lay-off as characterized the experience of most all the other shows, due either to legal complications or other causes, Mr. Hogan has been playing to record-breaking houses in most every instance.

So successful has this season's tour been up to date that his New York managers are now making preparations for next season's new play, which if rumor is true, will surpass the Rufus show even in scenic results and equal it in rip-roaring comedy for which the Rufus Rastus play is noted.

Together with the box office, the press in general has been unusually enthusiastic over the Rufus Rastus show and all compliment the great

Colored actor-comedian on his ability and the work he is doing for his race through Thespian channels.

It is well known that besides being an actor of no small parts Mr. Hogan ranks high among the song writers of this country. He not only staged the piece this season but wrote the music to all the songs, the lyrics of which were written by Lester A. Walton, a former St. Louis newspaper man, now Mr. Hogan's personal representative.

While Mr. Hogan is a show in himself on the stage, at the same time he is modest enough to take a back seat at times and let other versatile and talented members of his company shine before the footlights. He can feel justly proud of Miss Carita Day, his leading lady; Miss Alice Mackey, the winsome soubrette; Lucretia Knox, prima donna; Henry Troy, lyric tenor; Tom Brown, of Brown and Navarro; Laura Turner, Tom Logan, Frank Brown, operatic tenor; Anthony Byrd, Georgia Harvey, great contralto, and Sallie Byrd Green, soprano. In fact the company at this time is a most even one.

The name of the new play for Mr. Hogan next season has not been made publicly known, but is hinted that the piece affords Mr. Hogan a great chance to show his ability as an actor-comedian, who has no equal among his Colored brethren.

TOM LOGAN.

A number of years ago, Tom Logan—of The Rufus Rastus Co. was a member of a company playing in the Middle West. No less than four relatives of the manager whom we will call Mr. Blank, were connected with the company. His daughter was the ingenue, his wife the leading lady, the son acted as treasurer, and the manager's brother was the advertising agent.

A week before the close of the season the manager posted the following notice on the call board:

"Ladies and gentlemen: As next week will be the last of the season, the management is glad to announce that testimonials will be given on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings to Miss



MR. TOM LOGAN.

Blank, Mrs. Blank, Mr. Blank and the treasurer and the advertising agent respectively."

Logan got suspicious and on Saturday afternoon while making up for the second act, sent a note to the manager stating that he would appreciate it if he could have his salary before the curtain went up for the second act. The curtain was held for fifteen minutes, during which time the various members of the family vainly entreated Tom to relent, but to no avail. Finally the manager of the

house guaranteed Logan that if he would finish the performance, the money would be forthcoming. As soon as the curtain fell, the manager and two ushers came to his dressing room each carrying two canvas bags which they deposited on the floor. "There's all that is coming to you, four thousand pennies, legal currency of the United States. Now sign the receipt."

Logan signed, and to this day regards this incident as one of the most comical of his theatrical career.



MR. J. ED. GREEN.

J. ED GREEN.

Director of Amusements, New Pekin Theatre, Chicago.

The man who staged several prominent productions out of New York City. He is now director of amusements at the Pekin theatre. Mr. Green boasts of being the first director and producer of a real Negro stock company casting and producing new comedies, both farce and musical, every week. His work is at present in the limelight of the entire theatrical world, who are eagerly watching the result of his efforts. His success thus far has been marvelous, when one considers that this man has taken farce comedies that were written for

and by white people and so arranged the text and situations as to make them dovetail in and suit an all-colored cast. It was at first risky and a very doubtful proposition whether the patrons, who had become accustomed to "slap-stick" comedy, would accept funmaking in a more elevated scale. After the first performance of "My Nephew's Wife" all doubt as to the public taste was swept away. It seems that the people of Chicago had become completely satiated with low comedy and vaudeville, and the new innovation was welcomed as a real novelty. The Pekin, under Mr. Green's direction, is at present a veritable school, offering for the first time in the history of the Negro as a performer, a real chance in legitimate acting.

WHY CHICAGO HAS A NEGRO THEATRE.

By W. H. A. Moore.

It is not generally known how Chicago came to have the only full-fledged Negro theatre in the United States. Bob Motts was in Paris. Nothing in the gayest capital in Europe impressed him more than its well conducted small amusement houses. He liked the atmosphere they created for him. There was nothing like it in the United States. And why not. Then straightway he began to have visions of a small amusement house in Chicago—a sort of Negro amusement vine and fig tree where a fellow might go and forget, for a moment or two, that he was black, white, yellow or brown. Bob, by the way, is a big, handsomely proportioned brown man with a definite notion of what is what and a rather fine appreciation of the things that make for the comfort of life. But for the first time in his busy career he sat in public amusement places and nothing happened to remind him of the fact that his skin was disagreeably ginger-hued. Why couldn't he do the same thing in America? thought he. He'd do it, by the living eternals, if he had to build a theatre of his own. There was nothing of the spirit of brag in this new found determination of purpose. Speaking to an American friend one day about the matter he said: "When I get back to Chicago I am going to build a theatre for Negroes. By that I do not mean that I am going to give a new twist to the color-line bugbear, that would be silliness, pure and simple. But the more I think of the matter the more I am convinced that the Negroes of Chicago would be tickled to death if they had a place where they could go and feel they were the whole cheese and the white folks simply lookers on in Paris." And thus the Negro theatre idea took shape in his mind. Little by little he evolved the plan for the theatre. A scrap of an idea picked up here and another scrap picked up there until he got the whole mental structure together. And what a splendid scheme of color the whole affair was. A Negro orchestra with a Negro

conductor wielding a coal black baton; a group of Negro performers taking a vociferous fall out of lines written by a Negro dramatist or singing to a syncopated standstill the engaging strains of "I Loves You, Mah Honey, 'Deed I Do." And then finally, but not leastly by any manner of means, the audiences! Here is where Chicago Negrodom would shine with a luster that would make the new nickel on a base burner look like a piece of Chinese money with nine holes in it. All the white folks could do would be to sit in open-eyed wonder and be good fellows. Of course they could visit the place, but that was all. They might even be permitted, on "Off" nights, to get an occasional best seat. At these times, however, it would be the grand dames of Dearborn street society circles who would pull aside their silken skirts and give an up-curve to the poise of their diamond bedecked coiffures. Anyhow the venture was worth the experiment. In the due course of a brief while this new dreamer of elysian rhapsodies returned to Chicago. In the straight road of another short period the Paris dream was taking form in the erection of a new playhouse out in the south side. West of State street society circles began to flutter and there was the ecstasy of delicious satisfaction in the air. It is said, on good authority, that there are some people of color who can tell, without blinking, the number of bricks that were used in the construction of the building that was to stand for the new order of things theatrical in Chicago. But that cuts a very small piece of ice in this matter. The Pekin theatre "went up" and life went merry as a marriage bell with the denizens of the so-called "Black Belt" district. Bob Motts knew his ground when he declared in Paris that the Negroes of Chicago would be tickled to death if they had a place where they could go and feel that they were the whole cheese. The tickle was almost literal so insistent were the manifestations of delight. The opening? Well—say—the opening was a dream! Standing room was at a double premium. And you talk about being the whole cheese, Dearborn street was a Wisconsin creamery dairy that

night and possessed of a grin that stretched from ear to ear. And the program was a red hot proposition. On it appeared the name of that dainty, dark-brown replica of Vesta Tilley, Edmonia Jones who simply "killed it" with "I Want To Be a Rich Coon's Babe." Sidney Kirkpatrick, the baritone, in the language of a delighted patron, "delivered the goods in a hurry"; Hallback and Parquette went "Back, Back To Baltimore" so many times the leader of the orchestra struck for higher wages. And when Carrie Stithe sauntered down to the footlights to the syncopated strains of Mandy Lou, "there was nothing to it at all." The Collins sisters, Allen and Tribble, Sam Lucas, Lottie Grady and a few lesser lights contributed their share to the evening's successful opening. Altogether it was a red letter night on the south side and the inspiration received in a Parisian concert garden had assumed living, tangible proportions in the big, prosy city at the southern end of Lake Michigan. Scarcely a year rolls around before there comes a far and near cry for a bigger place—"a sure enough theatre with orchestra seats and boxes with plush hangings, etc., etc." Here was a dream coming true

with a vengeance. But the cry is no sooner heard than the wish is gratified by the resourceful owner of the Pekin and a new theatre takes the place of the old so quickly that the general public has but just awakened to the fact that Chicago is giving substantial support to a genuine, handsomely appointed and well equipped Negro theatre. This statement may excite the risibles of some, the derision of others, but it is one of those statements, nevertheless, that no amount of smiling and ridicule can make the less true and potent. It is too soon to predict the future of this radical manifestation of a desire to partake of the larger life of our great city by its Negro population. It is too early to attempt a forecast of the influence it will exert for good or evil on the impulse and trend of its artistic life. Enough for the present that the manifestation is with us and that it is playing its part in a life growth possessing elements of charm and the impulse of original endeavor. Bob Motts thought he saw a need. Time alone will establish the truth of this belief. But the nut in the shell is that Bob thought the people wanted it. And that is why Chicago has a Negro theatre.



Austria Land

BY PERRY MARSHALL



Auster Land.

In Auster, south, the Romans' south-
most German land,
A greater than the Roman empire now
doth stand.
Here German, Slav and Magyar, war-
like races dwell,
Amid the Alpine mountains, rivers,
lakes and dell.
Here grow the maize and wheat and
barley on the heights,
And in the vales the vine with mul-
berry trees delight,
The olive and pomegranate beside the
fig trees grow,

While o'er the Alpine heights the
glacier breath may blow.
The tender bleating flocks graze near
the horse and kine,
Where stretch the fertile plains along
the river's line,
The goat, the poor man's cow, with
him bides on the hills,
The summer song of birds with joy
his bosom thrills.
The countless spindles whirl where
wool and flax are grown,
The weaver's shuttle flies where cot-
ton's ways are known.
From tender toil with silk, to forging
toughest steel,

Doth Commerce here demand that Labor's fingers feel,
 From her Bohemian beer and West Hungarian wines,
 Makes Commerce every year more than from all her mines.
 The great Carpathian mounts towards Russia's borders rise,
 And by the Vistula the Crascow province lies
 This once republic, last of olden Poland free,
 Still longs with other Poles a nation yet to be.
 Such is the instinct for a nation's self and life,
 That for it men endure the woes and wounds of strife.
 From Roman days until great Luther's sturdy time,
 Was Austria desired by kings of every clime.
 The Germans north, and Spaniards from the sunny south,
 From east and west, came fiery war with flaming mouth;
 Then war within arose, Bohemians hard pressed
 By Roman Catholic rule, their wrongs long unredressed,
 Declared their independence of the Austrian reign,
 Admission sought of Frederick Five, to his domain.
 This German prince, by other Protestants sustained,
 Took up the charge, and Luther's cause seemed nearly gained.

(Thirty Years' War.)

The Catholics 'gainst Protestant in war arrayed,
 Were Spain and Catholic princes, 'gainst the others weighed,
 In scales by brutal War arranged, and not by brain,
 And not by what prime value, Virtue, hoped to gain,
 Awhile the Protestants hard hurled the heavy steel,
 But soon the other rode the conqueror's chariot wheel,
 And Subjugation held his conquering hand on high,
 And Persecution offered to the murky sky
 Oblations and burnt offerings of humankind,

Revenge and zeal had made the Christian warrior blind,
 Where great Jerome and Huss were offered up before,
 The Christian Molech still devoured many more,
 The Protestants compelled, took up their cause again,
 And fought King Ferdinand their freedom to regain.
 Defeat too soon befell the daring Danish king,
 And Mansfield fell 'neath Wallenstein's swift flying wing.
 Extermination, then, all Protestants would kill,
 Their sympathizing friends should jails and prisons fill.
 The Catholic princes then at last became alarmed,
 So great the power with which the Emperor was armed;
 So General Wallenstein must give up his command,
 The army be reduced at their desire's demand.
 Meanwhile Adolphus, Sweden's valiant king,
 Put fifteen thousand men upon the wing.
 With promised aid from England and from France,
 This valiant prince began his swift advance.
 Both Mecklenburg and Pomerania, With Brandenburg, fell to this conqueror,
 But Magdeburg, through Tilly's longer siege,
 Fell by assault of that strong Catholic liege;
 His barbarous hand tore people limb from limb,
 He hewed to death until the day was dim.
 Electors Brandenburg and Saxony
 Soon joined Gustavus, strong for victory.
 At Breitenfeld they met the imperial foe,
 And Tilly was defeated there with woe.
 As fires seize the grasses on the plain,
 So Tilly's men were quickly seized and slain.
 At River Lech did Tilly fall with wounds;

Next day he dies, the where the foe abounds.	For brave Adolphus fell with mortal wound,
And Wallenstein again was called to lead,	And grief-smit generals bore him from the ground.
The man of courage and the daring deed;	Soon after this, by treachery's de- sign,
Men hastened to his trumpet note and call,	Assassination slew the gallant Wal- lenstein.
He new inspired the soldiery and all.	Thus Catholic Austria killed her own and ablest man,
He hurled his heroes 'gainst the Saxon foe,	As bigotry has slain e'er since the world began.
Back from Bohemia in haste they go.	Not Catholics alone, but Protestants as well,
At Nuremberg Gustavus' army lay,	Have caused the dying groan and made this earth a hell.
And thither Wallenstein then made his way.	Then when Bernard of Weimar met a sore defeat,
Two months the armies watched and piled the mound,	The Lutheran princes felt con- strained to treat.
As bulls that bellowing tear and throw the ground.	In terms the treaty gave the Luther- ans relief,
And then Gustavus 'gainst the Im- perialists roared,	The Calvinists, both hated and were left to grief.
But was repulsed ere Wallenstein was gored.	Then gathered they for prayers, each in his way thanked God,
Gustavus then to broad Bavaria moved,	That for the other's back he had not spared the rod.
And Wallenstein strong Saxony re- proved.	When Sweden was too weak to carry on the war,
Whereat Gustavus put him in pursuit,	Then France became the leader they were looking for;
And swiftly o'er the field he made his route.	And Cardinal Richelieu sought how to humble Spain,
The armies met at Lutzen's battle- ground,	Dukes Parma and Savoy took up the conqueror's rein.
And there the clash of arms did long resound.	But not from Italy was Spanish pow- er driven,
As when two clouds in sultry sum- mer meet,	Nor in the Netherlands the fatal blow yet given.
With thunder billows they each other greet,	The Swedish soldiery 'neath Baner's brave command,
And pour the loosened lightnings in their sides,	At Wittstock beat the imperials from the Saxon land.
While Majesty the moving heavens rides;	The death of Ferdinand gave to his son the reign;
The angry lightning takes the tallest ash,	Eleven weary years the war dragged on amain.
And sends his arrow with a thunder crash;	At last the Protestants regained their wonted rights,
The toughest oak is twisted for his bow,	So read the treaty after many deadly fights.
The mighty arrows thunder to and fro,	When Ferdinand the Third was gathered to the dead,
Until the forces of the clouds are spent,	"Long live King Leopold!" the pious people said.
On, toward the billows the dark storm is sent.	His harshness drove Hungaria to re- volt,
So fought these foes until the Swede had won,	
But smoke of battle darkened still the sun;	

The Netherlands then sought to
break their dungeon bolt.
And English men and means came to
the Lowlands' aid,
And there oppression's hand again
awhile was stayed.
By the green tinted Rhine were former
rights regained,
Much as before the war all parties
now remained.
The thirty years of war left Europe
as it was,
Each party praising God that he had
saved their cause.

War of the Succession.

Then Leopold took the sister of the
Spanish king,
A wife he hoped to him, Iberia would
bring.
He sent a prince to take possession
of the land
In Italy, on which Iberia held her
hand.
Hard fought the Christian prince
against the Christians there,
Jehovah heeding not the prince's pious
prayer.
The Dutch and English under Marl-
borough allied,
Then took the French strongholds
by Holland's threatening tide,
The prince united next with Marl-
borough's command,
With fifty thousand strong they
made their firm demand,
The foe with six and fifty thousand
well-armed men,
Must fight or else surrender in their
guarded den.
Though strongly placed at Blenheim
was their guarded foe,
The duke against them dealt the
darling heavy blow.
As when two swift-winged winds up-
on the ocean meet,
And wave 'gainst wave is hurled 'mid
hall and ice and sleet,
The rapid foam up-mounting toward
the dark-browed skies,
As smoke from burning cities 'bove
the flames that rise,
So Marlborough hurled his men
against the Frenchmen's line,
Artillery hurled them back, as winds
hurl back the brine.

And as embellowed waves again
'gainst others roar,
The duke's undaunted men the allied
lines broke o'er.
And when the storm subsides ten
thousand are the dead,
And thirteen thousand captives were
by Marlborough led,
With Tallard their commander, vic-
tory to grace;
Resistance thus awhile did Marlbor-
ough efface.
And sorrow's costly veil hung dark on
widowed France,
A sigh sung in the gale and gaiety
ceased to dance.
The following year the prosperous
emperor passed away,
And Joseph, eldest son, took up the
dangerous play.
The Netherlands again beheld, by
Marlborough slain,
The thirteen thousand French of
Count Villerois campaign;
And Prince Eugene in Italy, marched
two hundred miles,
Appeared before Turin from old Al-
pine defiles.
With Duke Savoy he smote the well-
embattled French,
Who drove them back again, pro-
tected by their trench.
At length they fly! and Prince
Eugene pursues,
Flight they prefer, captivity refuse.
The horseman cleaves the hindmost
in the way,
As hounds that seize when lameness
turns at bay.
The French commander, called the
Count Marin,
Next day died captive near the
walled Turin.
Thus France and Spain from fairest
Italy driven,
The Spanish cause in Italy was riven.
And Prince Eugene awhile in Italy
abode,
Then toward the Netherlands his rap-
id army trode.
Here mighty Marlborough clove
every foeman down,
Took from the flying French the city
and the town.
Thus went the weighty war, though
France proposed for peace,
Another mighty army Austria made
to cease.

The two victorious men attacked
 Marshal Villars,
 And his defeat was swift as others
 of the war.
 Again France sued for peace, but
 peace again had flown,
 And mighty had the wings of war
 and slaughter grown.
 And as two tired terriers still con-
 trive to tear,
 Or as angry bull-dog struggles with
 the bear,
 Or as the massive mastiff wounds
 the wolf in fight,
 In turn is throated till his eyes stare
 out their light,
 So did these weary warriors struggle
 long to kill,
 Send horror to the homes, true
 hearts with sorrow fill.
 Meantime the emperor died, his
 brother took the crown,
 "Long be the life of Charles!" went
 up from every town.
 At last the treaty came, contention
 now should cease,
 The wounded hand of war hung in
 the breast of peace.
 Spain left The Netherlands and her
 Italian claims,
 Gibraltar and Minorca bowed to Eng-
 lish names.
 The War of the Succession left the
 Auster land,
 With small increased possessions,
 debt and death on hand.

Turkish Wars.

Soon war with Turkey followed in
 the bloody train,
 And Prince Eugene was there victor-
 ious again.
 And new possessions were by Austria
 obtained,
 And other lands by Austrian blood
 again was stained.
 Then came the peace, and crimson
 war awhile away,
 Too soon returned and plum-ed peace
 took flight with day.
 The Turkey took again what he had
 lost before,
 For Prince Eugene had gone where
 there is war no more.
 The emperor died, Theresa took the
 weighted crown,

Maria's name was hailed in hamlet,
 hill and town.
 Bavaria and France against her were
 at war,
 When the Hungarian diet, she ap-
 peared before.
 Vienna heard Bavaria's army's hast-
 ening tread,
 By the elector were his valiant forces
 led.
 Theresa fled to Pressburg, then Hun-
 garia's seat
 Of government, whose parliament
 she asked to meet,
 Her infant son slept in her helpless
 arms.
 While she appeared all trembling
 with alarms,
 The true Hungarian heart by such a
 scene inspired,
 Soon sent the powerful arms for
 fight as she desired,
 French and Bavarian horse were
 quickly driven back,
 And Austria pursued on their re-
 treating track.
 The king of Prussia next took up the
 gleaming blade,
 But he was driven back by brave
 Hungaria's aid.
 The Turkish wars here end by
 slaughter's bloody pools,
 Another peace begins, fair daughter
 of the schools.
 The industries and arts did flourish
 then awhile,
 And learning sought the heart of
 Austria to beguile.

The Seven Years' War.

But when her heavy army in Bohe-
 mia lay,
 King Frederick of Prussia had one
 word to say.
 Into Vienna soon his messenger light
 rode,—
 "What do the many arms so near my
 border bode?"
 "O, they are there Moravian mobs to
 quickly quell."
 But this evasive word served not the
 purpose well.
 With sixty thousand men King Fred-
 erick took the field,
 And Saxony and Dresden laid be-
 neath his shield.

<p>The Saxon force of seventeen thousand gallant men, In strong position, ill-provisioned, held he then. The hurried Austrian troops set out for their relief, But were with loss repulsed, the Saxons left to grief. At hunger's stern command they laid their muskets down, The seventeen thousand captives were to Prussia's crown. Then Austria and France with Russia, all allied, A half a million men hurled 'gainst proud Prussia's side. King Frederick had two hundred thousand in command, And fifty thousand English served his royal hand. His first advance did blue-eyed victory crown, The giant slaughter, next gave Austria renown. The Swedes with Austria and with her allies joined, And through one weak commander victory was purloined. "Alas, for humble men when weakness holds the throne, For slaughtered men in arms can weakness e'er atone? Alas, for client when the lawyer is a lamb, Alas, for patient whose physician is a sham. Alas, the parish with the preacher false, or drone, And woe the world when wisdom walks in garbs unknown." Thus spake the Greater Frederick, Prussia's warrior king, Whose words in solemn accents down the centuries ring. He seized a height with two and twenty thousand men, Where sixty thousand allies battled him again. A terrific sudden fire poured he on their lines, In half a groaning hour, gone were their designs. Confusion on the dread confusion rapid rolled, Twelve hundred dead among the charging allies bold; And seven thousand captive troops did Frederick bring,</p>	<p>As trophies of the triumph of the conquering king. A little loss, five hundred men, sustained he there, But widows sat by dark-robed sorrow many a-where. And next by Breslau's walls did Austrian warriors fight A battle that o'er Prussia flung the garb of night. But when a rested morn in saffron robes arose, The feet of Prussian troops light smote with rapid blows. His thirty thousand, in Celerity's command, Brought eighty thousand allies to a sudden stand. As fire in a forest crushes down the pines, Did Frederick fell the allies in the Austrian lines. The deafened field was covered, bravery lay slain, And twenty thousand captives did King Frederick gain. Soon Breslau was retaken and the Austrians fled, Ere they had crossed their breasts or pious prayers were said. The French in winter quarters, jubilant with wine, Were routed by the English, driven o'er the Rhine. Then as a hungry eagle on the scent of prey, Far o'er fens and forests wings his rapid way, So swiftly Frederick flies to far Moravian fields, Lays siege to Olmutz, which a single fortress shields, But bravery firmly stood the embattled walls behind, The siege arose and sought a fight of fairer kind. Field Marshal Daun had shut the gates against retreat, And swiftly toward Bohemia flew the Prussian feet. The North star lit their lonely path the weary night, And soon they met the Russians in array for fight. As two bees battle for control among the herds, Until one staggers, while the other bellowing girds,</p>
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<p>So fought these foes at Zorndorf un- till slaughter red, Advised retreat to Poland, there the Russians fled. Then Frederick entered Saxony, and Daun drew nigh, And gazed upon the Prussians with an anxious eye. The Prussians prayed in faith: "Je- hovah, while we rest, May our repose be safe as on our Saviour's breast." Long ere the love-lipped morn in orange robes arose, Daun led the Austrian troops against their Prussian foes. And while the Widow Night still wore her mourning robes, Confusion without light fell on their brief abodes. As when from desert wastes the winds bring dust and night, Where ruminating herds await the early light, Their eyes are blinded by the hur- ried drifting sand, The victims of the storm in terror rush or stand. So, on each other rushed these night- robed foes; Now stood awhile amazed, then dealt the deadly blows, Nine thousand Prussians slain upon Bohemian soil, Where now the peasant plain, pur- sues his patient toil. Their greatest generals, too, were numbered with the dead, Prince Francis, Maurice and Field- Marshal Keith, who led, All lay in Murder's arms when tear- eyed morn appeared, Their goods and ammunition Aus- trian hands had cleared. Disaster dire beheld King Frederick's retreat, Soon as the silent sun looked on his sore defeat. In vain on Leipsic, Dresden and Tor- gau was tried, The Austrian arms, which thought on victory to ride. Duke Ferdinand, hard pressed by arms of French command, Sustained a slow defeat on Bergen's sacred land. At Minden, though, defeat to victory was changed,</p>	<p>When fair against the French his steady army ranged. The Russians forced Duke Dohna to a slow retreat, And by them Wedel, too, was routed with defeat. Near Kunersdorf in strength upon a favored height, Were Austrians and Russians fought at early light. There ninety thousand troops in bat- tle's dread array, Met Frederick's fifty thousand at the dawn of day. As the wild boar with bristling back and angry growl, Is met by champing tush, or wolves' wild howl, The tusk-torn hides with blood and death in grime distill, So Frederick's army fought those armies on this hill. He threw confusion to the wolves' se- lected lair, And victory for Prussian arms would fain declare. With sudden fury next, the Austrian forces threw Their murderous fire against his fa- mous soldiers true, And twenty thousand of his bravest men there fell, Of allies, four and twenty thousand, wounds and death must tell. Then as the beast king gallops o'er the Asian plain, Did Austria o'er-run rich Saxony again. She took Torgau and Leipsic, famous Wittenberg, And Dresden fierce resisting, though relief came nigh the burg. But Frederick again found forces for the field, The Russian army into Poland shut and sealed; But General Fink with thirteen thou- sand men light-armed, Was after strenuous struggles with the foe, disarmed. And soon the Austrians, with thirty thousand strong, Surround eight thousand Prussians, fighting fierce and long. As when the murky clouds by piping winds are called, By a hurricane's wild howl the peo- ple are appalled,</p>
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And fury flameth in the storm-cloud's frowning eye,	Hangs darkness o'er it thus to hide it from her sight.
The burdened air proclaims that Death is riding by,	But when the rose-lipped morn un- barred the gates of day,
The lightning lingers on the eyelids of the blast,	The Prussian troops were ready to renew the fray.
With thunderous roar the storm king rideth fast;	But kindly nursing Night breathed in the Austrians' ear,
So did these Austrians gather round their Prussian foe,	They seized that hour for flight, made profit of their fear.
And breathe upon them slaughter's sulphurous breath of woe.	But left they twenty thousand cap- tive men and slain,
And bravery, as before, to hard com- pulsion yields,	All Saxony Frederick's army thereby did regain.
The king before the Austrians sought Silesian fields.	Then Austria captured Schweidnitz, Prince Henry met defeat,
At Liegnitz 'tween three armies ninety thousand strong,	And Frederick in Breslau secured a winter seat.
His thirty thousand men a fearful fight prolong.	The subsidies from England next from him withdrew,
And as a ram leads forth the flock unto a hill,	And Austria deemed despair had shed on him her dew.
In summer's sultry night, so Freder- ick's iron will	Not so the Prussian king, whose en- ergy sublime,
The best position 'fore the Austrians secured,	Would master everything and claim the praise of Time.
Loudon, not knowing, led his men, to fight inured,	Soon Austria lost her Russian allies, and the Swedes,
To that same hill, a moment, and then blank amaze	And fortune favored more the Prus- sians' daring deeds;
Stood in the Austrian commander's iron gaze.	Then Frederick conquered Burkers- dorf and Reichenbach,
And as a lake is lashed by swift de- scending gale,	And Schweidnitz, too, and Frieberg, Henry Prince, took back.
And hence and thither, to and fro, the billows wail,	Duke Ferdinand had fought the French and victory won,
Three hours fought these foes, while bellowing guns loud roar,	By all their new-brought forces was not Frederick undone;
And carnage steeps the ground in bravery's human gore.	New generals at Lutterburg and Wil- helmsthal,
At length the Austrians fly and leave four thousand slain,	He quickly met and swiftly over- threw them all,
Six thousand left in wounds 'tween Pfaffendorf and plain,	At Hubertsburg at last, treaty of peace was signed,
Daun followed soon Loudon, to do as he would do,	When near a million men to death had been consigned.
But seeing slaughter's reign he left the hillside, too.	No territorial change did either coun- try gain,
Then Frederick marched to Breslau, Russia took Berlin;	Much as they were before did each of them remain,
But glad is she to leave it when Frederick's moves begin.	Except as death and desolation both had wrought,
Daun paused in Saxony, strong by old Torgau,	Among a people brave as armies ever fought,
There Prussian fury fought him to his overthrow.	When dove-winged peace to Austria came awhile to stay,
The blast of battle lasts till slaugh- ter-sickened Night,	Then Queen Theresa had these wis- dom's words to say:

<p>"Let schools now be established through our lov-ed land, And feudal hardships cease to wield the heavy hand. And softened be the hard conditions of the serf, Too long hard bound by landlord to the turf. The base abuses in the church too long foreborne, Now from ecclesiastic forms and ways be torn. Let people in their industries receive our royal aid, And every favor now facilitate their trade." And this her patient arm did execute with care, And learned progress for a time bode with them there. And when her husband emperor passed away, Her son abetted her reforms through- out his day. This emperor, Joseph Second, thus proclaimed the word, "May peace now reign and not the flaming sword, The German tongue shall speak in all our schools and courts, Let valor in the heart displace the needless forts. Let fortresses be few, law every- where proclaim Equality and right throughout our broad domain; Let every sect be free to teach its favored creed, The state from convents and monas- teries be freed.</p>	<p>Let senseless primogeniture prevail no more, And feudal vassalage the olden rights restore." But people were unready for reform- ers' art, And Joseph Second perished with a saddened heart. Then Leopold succeeded, whose sis- ter Antoinette, The wife of Louis Sixteen unequal sorrow met. This king of France and wife fell 'neath the guillotine, When fierce the revolution brought the bloody scene, A war with France then followed, sometimes with success, Which latterly was sure to find from France redress. Vast armies sought the fields and speedily were slain, Vast armies followed bravely in their path again, And had their foe been less than Bonaparte the Great, Their courage would have brought to them a better fate. And as it was, the scales of fortune often hung So equal that a breath to either way had swung. But as an avalanche falls on the vale below, So oftentimes did France fall on her Austrian foe. Eternal wars this heart of Europe ceaseless pained, And not until our day has war, with Austria, waned.</p>
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Seven First Principles of the Race-Problem

By Henry William Rankin.

Mr. Baker insists that the violation of racial integrity among Negroes while in great measure, obviously due to conditions for which they are not to blame, is also due in part to an unnatural perversion of the aesthetic sense in the regard of women for their offspring. But it is a perversion which can be largely corrected or prevented by right education from a

child's first years. "Every race," he says, "should see its own type as the most beautiful, and be religiously devoted to that type—that is to say, have religious convictions that these distinct types of mankind, the Negro and the Caucasian, came, not from chance, but from God, and that each has its own peculiar God-given work to do." But, "through the perversion

of his aesthetical sense of physical beauty the American Negro has come to glory in his shame, and to be ashamed of his glory." "The teachings of slavery turned the Negro woman's aesthetical taste against her moral interests." "To a woman whose aesthetical ideals are sound—that is to say, a woman in whose eyes a baby of her own race is the most beautiful—to such a woman the ugliest thing in the world is a black child born of a white mother, or a white child born of a black mother. But when once the black woman's aesthetical taste is perverted that which was the ugliest becomes the most beautiful. What would happen in this country if the white woman should become as aesthetically perverted as the Negro woman?"

Here are some plain words evoked, unwillingly, we may well believe, by what their writer believes to be a too frequent and lamentable fact. He is jealous for the honor and welfare of his race in this matter, but he certainly has no unkind thoughts of those whose case is not of their own choosing. The question of fact is for adequate observation and testimony to determine, and will not be debated here. But a few words may be given to the principle assumed of the right aesthetic ideal; and this will constitute the first of seven principles, and seven postulates, which may be maintained as fundamentally applicable to the race-problem wherever in the world it may exist.

I

"To do its best work in the world," says Mr. Baker, "a race, and especially the women of a race, must be religiously devoted to its own type. The womanhood of a race is not safe so long as that race sees the highest form of beauty in the type of another race."

This is one of those propositions that we all may feel ought to be true even if it be not true. But is it true? How does it square with the facts? Can it be rationally defended? And can it be seriously claimed that the offspring of mixed parentage is never so beautiful as that of equal marriage within one race? Are not mulattoes sometimes better looking than their

parents, and are not quadroons famous for their beauty? Apart from all prejudice and maternal predilection objective facts do certainly seem at times to make Mr. Baker's position in this matter of the aesthetic ideal paradoxical, to say the least; and yet, at the same time, it seems as if it must be sound, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding; as if some good reason did nevertheless exist to justify his ground. What is that reason? Is there a valid ground on which his thesis can be properly maintained? What is paradoxical may yet be wholly true.

Blind instinct often hits the mark where reason fails; and if we can be sure that the thesis is confirmed by a universal, unperverted instinct, we may also be sure that a good reason exists, however helpless to find it we may be. But those persons whose aesthetic sense appears to him perverted may doubtless to themselves appear more strictly normal than all others. By what criterion can we test the case?

There is a fundamental principle of aesthetics indicated in the third chapter of Ecclesiastes, where we are told that "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven;" and moreover that God "hath made everything beautiful in his time." In both nature and human art everything that possesses beauty at all is more beautiful in its own season and its own place than anything can be out of its own time and out of place. The very same object that is beautiful in its due place may lose a great part of its charm by being out of place. The mere fact that it is out of place is often alone sufficient to ruin its attractions. For the element of fitness is essential to beauty, fitness to surroundings, fitness to natural conditions of every kind. In any work of art, and in nature which is God's art, so far as man has not interfered with it, what constitutes beauty is largely to be found in the complete subordination of all the parts to the effect and purpose of the whole. This subordination is that perfect fitness of parts to the whole which makes the unity of nature, and the lack of which often

destroys the desired effect in art that otherwise may show uncommon merit. One may study this principle in the beautiful expression which it has in Emerson's poem, "Each and All," or the still more elevated expression of the one hundred and fourth psalm, which charmed the great naturalist, Humboldt.

This principle of fitness in time and place possesses a universal scope, and is susceptible of manifold illustration, drawn not only from the fine arts and from general nature, but from every useful art, and every sphere of human life. It is true of all the forms of organization among men, the family, the school, the state. It is true of the church, of nations and of races. In all these directions there is a certain inherent fitness of things, a natural propriety, which cannot be ignored without a loss of harmony, unity, efficiency, beauty in any structure that may be involved. This is a rational principle, fundamental in aesthetics, the due application of which may be found to corroborate unperturbed instinct, and to justify Mr. Baker's view of the aesthetic ideal in the domain of ethnology.

We may indeed believe that in nature nothing is done without the power of God. Without the active concurrence of divine power no human being was ever born into this world. But man has a limited power to modify the order of nature, and not only to modify but to mar. Animals do not naturally interbreed with a different species; and what is more to the point, unless by artificial conditions they are compelled, or the absence of their proper mates, they seldom or never interbreed with members of their own species that show a highly pronounced variation. In the natural order like goes with like, and in the genetic relations of life violent transitions are avoided so far as the junction of causes is concerned. Thus doth nature teach us what is fit, and the unfit as unfit is unbeautiful. The application of this principle to the race-problem is quite plain; although it is difficult to speak of it in any words, however considerate, which will not wound the sensibilities of some who, through no fault of their

own, may suffer from its breach. It is only to lessen this breach in all coming time that the principle requires emphasis in the education of the blacks.

II

It is doubtless true that every well defined race has its own ideal of physical perfection, however vaguely it may be conceived. This ideal is not absolutely fixed and stationary in our minds, but advances whenever in experience one example may outdo another. And besides this, in all outward things, our ideal of perfection admits of variety and range. Things are perfect after their kind; and as all perfections never meet in any finite being, notwithstanding one or two of Shakespeare's sonnets, persons excel in a great variety of ways who may share in common the essential elements of the physical, the intellectual or the moral ideal. There are many specific types of beauty, each one of which has a separate charm of its own.

Now and then we see a man or woman who, by fortunate concurrence of favorable conditions, approximates our best ideal of the appearance that man or woman should present. This is just as true of the Negro race as any other. The degrees of this approximation form a long scale. As there are many divisions of Caucasians, so the Negro race has many branches, some being much better formed than others. The tribes of Africa vary much in this respect among themselves. The Negro race shows many instances of great physical nobility in mien and countenance, figure, stature and expression; such as, when seen, command immediate recognition from the members of any other race.

But why is it that in any race we so seldom see a perfect example of that outward and physical kind which belongs to our ideal, which we think should form the normal type of that race? This question brings us to a third fundamental principle of our problem.

III

Every race is capable of indefinitely extensive physical improvement and deterioration, in accordance with the

laws of health and morals. Examples of both extremes may be found not only in Africa but in America, and not only among blacks, but among whites. What is necessary to secure a wide prevalence of the most improvement, physical no less than moral, is that any race should for a few successive generations simply keep the laws of its own welfare. Is there anything unreasonable in this? Does it seem a large demand that men should merely keep the laws of their own good? If these were universally observed we would see the best results universally exemplified, instead of finding, as now, such examples so seldom and so few, and nowhere perfect. The conduct of man is far worse than that of all inferior creatures; for there is no member of the brute creation that does not fulfil the laws proper to its own being far better than most men. Of course the laws of living proper to the brute are not all suitable to man. It is only by keeping higher laws that man is truly normal; and this, strange to say, even when he knows what they are, he commonly will not do. Being free to choose the worse he has commonly done it, generation after generation; done it until he has forgotten what the higher laws may be. Such a course is inevitably followed by deterioration, not only moral but also physical, and physical because moral. It is the disregard of moral health that chiefly undermines all physical perfection, though the injury may be of a very subtle kind, and only be obvious with the lapse of time.

There is much said of the inviolability of natural law. It certainly cannot be violated with impunity, but violated it can be and is by all mankind, with all degrees of flagrancy every day; though only the man is injured not the law. The conspicuous fact that man is able to transgress every law of his own good is proof enough of that free agency which constitutes his dignity and danger. No lower animal can show man's record of transgression. If we were mere animals we would obey law by mere instinct. If we were mere machines we would obey perforce. A mere machine can never do anything

else. It is the teaching of Scripture and common sense alike that our voluntary transgressions are our sins.

In the Essays of Emerson are passages of an impressive pertinence to this matter, a few of which may be profitably quoted. These are his words in Prudence:

"We have violated law upon law till we stand in the midst of ruins, and when by any chance we espy a coincidence between reason and the phenomena we are surprised. Beauty should be the dowry of every man and woman; but it is rare. Health, or sound organization, should be universal. Genius should be the child of genius, and every child should be inspired; but now it is not to be predicted of any child, and nowhere is it pure."

In SELF RELIANCE: "Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life; but we see that most natures are insolvent, cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually. * * * * We are parlor soldiers, the rugged battle of life where strength is born we shun."

In SPIRITUAL LAWS: "Common men are apologies for men; they bow the head, they excuse themselves with prolix reasons, they accumulate appearances because the substance is not." And finally, in HEROISM: "The violations of the laws of nature by our predecessors and our contemporaries are punished in us also. The diseases and deformity around us certify the infraction of natural, intellectual and moral laws; and often violation upon violation to breed such compound misery. A lockjaw that bends a man's head back to his heels; hydrophobia that makes him bark at his wife and babes; insanity that makes him eat grass; war, plague, cholera, famine indicate a certain ferocity in nature, which as it has its inlet by human crime, must have its outlet by human suffering. Unhappily almost no man exists who has not in his own person become to some amount a stockholder in the sin, and so made himself liable to a share in the expiation."

This witness is true, though his words do not flatter human nature. They are directed against all man kind, though probably their writer had his own race chiefly in mind. They were written by a man who had little to say of sin, and is not supposed to have had a due sense of its meaning; but they agree well with that Bible definition which in one word of the Greek text expresses the LAWLESSNESS of a moral agent who ought to keep the law, and yet does not. (1 John 3:4.)

Many whole races in the world to-day show evidence of having fallen from a better state. Many wandering tribes today live in continents of buried civilizations. A race that has fallen down, like a man that has fallen, must repent, and do the first works. But even if we suppose, with a doctrine current in these times, that some savage races never were higher than their present state, yet as moral agents they nevertheless are capable of great improvement in many ways; and this also has been repeatedly exemplified in the history of Christianity. All the people of northern Europe were savage tribes when Christianity approached them first. The loss or delay of centuries cannot indeed be made up in one generation, or in two; but it could be made up if men could be persuaded to keep all the laws of their own welfare, as fast as these are known. This at least

will hold of any undecimated race, retaining, like the Negro race at large, great physical vitality.

IV.

If to a general disregard of the laws of human welfare there is added the factor of racial isolation through long periods of time, the unfavorable conditions are made worse. Deterioration will be greater and retardation more prolonged. The black, in its various branches, has suffered from a larger degree of isolation than any other populous race, from the main currents of human history, and from whatever refining influences may have marked these currents. Extreme segregation, and perpetual breeding in and in have intensified the differences from other races, and strengthened such peculiarities as seem most removed from its own best physical examples and ideal. Its new experience both in Africa and America of contact with the world, and a more general association with other divisions of its own race under conditions of new culture and the Christian faith, should ultimately, notwithstanding the vicious conduct of many whites, promote a general elevation of the racial level, physical, intellectual and moral. But, if large discouragements are found involved in the last three principles discussed, the remedy must be sought in the three that follow.

(To be concluded in the next issue.)

I AM PASSING BY.

The world is not so fair to me, as in
the olden time;
My heart is growing feeble fast, I'm
just beyond my prime.
The stars are not as bright as then,
or azure blue the sky,
For fairer scenes of youthful days, with
me are passing by.

The flowers are not so fragrant now,
they are not half so sweet;
The friends whose hearts beat warm
for me scarce know me on the
street,
Sometimes they pass me carelessly,
tell me the reason why,
Is it because I'm growing old, and
swiftly passing by?

If in the autumn time of life, my
friends should stand quite near,
To cheer me going down the hill, when
everything looks drear,
To give a loving look and word, per-
haps a gentle sigh,
When they hear my tale of grief, while
I am passing by.

I will not care for wreaths when dead,
so give them to me now,
Before death's cold and clammy sweat
is standing on my brow.
Though come what will, I shall not
fear, I'm not afraid to die,
For Jesus will be standing near, when
I am passing by.

—ANDREW JOHNSON MILLER.

Religious Unity=The Bahai Movement.

CHARLES MASON REMEY.

The object of the Bahai Movement is the religious unification of all people. This teaching has not come into the world to destroy but to fulfil and perfect all divine teaching of the past and present. It stands as the one goal towards which Truth has always worked, through its appearance in the prophets and anointed ones sent unto various peoples of past ages, and is the beginning of that age of divine enlightenment and Peace, the coming of which has been the theme of all revelation,—The Kingdom of God on Earth.

Together with the prophecies which are recorded in the Holy Books of various peoples relative to the establishment of God's Kingdom upon the earth, are those pertaining to the coming of a great revelator and teacher, who was to appear in the latter days bringing the people of different religions together and explaining away the differences, which from time immemorial have separated them.

This divine manifestation has been foretold in varying terminology, in accordance with the teachings of the various prophets and commensurable with the understanding of the people to whom they ministered. Thus in the New Testament of the Christians the second coming of Christ is prophesied. In the Old Testament of the Jews the triumphal coming of the Messiah is foretold. In the Koran of the Mohammedans is found prophecy regarding the establishment of God's Kingdom on the earth, and so on, through the sacred writings of other religions, are found similar prophecies relating to this latter day.

In the coming of Baha' Ullah, with His forerunner, The Bab, and His "Branch," Abdul-Baha; all of these various prophecies of the different religions have been fulfilled, and in the

Bahai Movement which emanated therefrom, is found the nucleus of that divine order of things which man has long expected.

On May 23, 1844, there appeared in Shiraz, Persia, a young man, All Mohammed by name, who declared himself to be the "Bab, or forerunner of "He whom God would Manifest"—a great teacher who was soon to appear with manifest signs of divine power and strength, through whose teachings the divine unity of mankind would be established.

The Bab was immediately met by great opposition on the part of the Musselman clergy, and at their instigation was placed under military surveillance. In spite of being thus hampered he continued his teaching, exhorting the people to holiness and sanctity of living, in order that they might be fitted to meet The Promised One, shortly to appear, and to become as mirrors which would reflect his spiritual perfection.

Thus the first two years of the Bab's ministry passed, at the end of which time he was seized, by the order of the clerical authorities, and thrust into prison. His imprisonment lasted four years, during which time he taught his followers through letters and epistles. This was followed by a trial in which The Bab was condemned to death upon the charge of heresy. He, with one of his followers, suffered martyrdom in the Cause of Truth in the city of Tabriz, Persia, on July 9, 1851.

The mission of The Bab being that of precursor of "He whom God would Manifest," the institutions and ordinances which he established were for the time being only. With the ap-

*Bab is the Arabic word for door or gate.

pearance of The Promised One, the followers (Babis), were commanded to turn their faces unto Him, when He, who was to come, would reveal His teachings and divine laws and ordinances, thus completing the foundation upon which would be constructed The Kingdom on earth.

The writings of the Bab consist of many epistles and exhortations to his followers, together with admonitions as to life and conduct, secular as well as religious. These make up the holy book of The Bab, "The Bayan." The most noteworthy of the Bab's institutions was a college consisting of eighteen of his first followers, which, together with himself as "The Point," formed what was called "The Nineteen Letters of The Living." To them he entrusted the guidance of the movement, commanding them to be at all times ready for and awaiting the appearance of "He whom God would Manifest." This was to take place in the very near future, though the exact time was not given.

The Bab was not alone in being persecuted by the Mohammedans, for with his martyrdom came upon his followers troubles of the most dire nature. Over twenty thousand of these willingly gave up their property, families and lives, rather than deny and recant their faith. These persecutions are by no means a thing of the past, for in Persia in 1901, there were one hundred and seventy martyrs at one time in the City of Yazd.

During the days of The Bab's ministry, while his cause was being promulgated by his followers throughout Persia, there were many believers who never met with him in person. Among these was Baha 'Ullah, a young man of noble family, who warmly espoused The Bab's cause, publicly upholding and teaching it in Teheran.

In 1852, the year following The Bab's martyrdom, when the persecution of the Babis was at its height, Baha 'Ullah, with others of the new faith, was imprisoned in Teheran, and later on was sent in exile to Bagdad in Irak.

During the exile in Bagdad Baha 'Ullah, through His teachings and spiritual insight, gradually brought calm-

ness and assurance to the followers. As the movement gained strength the local clerical authorities began to show fear. This led to an arrangement made by which Baha 'Ullah, with a band of his followers, was ordered to a more distant exile in Constantinople. In April, 1862, on the eve of his departure from Irak, Baha 'Ullah declared himself, to a few chosen ones amongst the followers, to be the one whose coming The Bab had foretold, "He whom God would Manifest."

From Constantinople the exiles were sent to Adrianople, where they remained until 1868, when they were finally sent to the fortified town of Acca (Acre), a penal colony on the Mediterranean just north of Mt. Carmel (Zion) in Syria.

Here in the land of Zion and Carmel, where "the coming" in this latter day has been foretold by all of the prophets Baha 'Ullah lived and taught; many travelling from great distances to receive instructions from Him, while others received teaching through His writings.

The writings of Baha 'Ullah are many. They consist of explanations, given to various inquirers, regarding His mission and doctrines; together with exhortations to His followers and certain ordinances and laws the persuance of which is conducive to the best secular as well as spiritual welfare of mankind.

Thus it will be seen that with the coming of Baha 'Ullah the mission and teachings of the Bab were fulfilled and completed, so from that time on the movement became known as the Bahai Movement, and the believers became known as Bahais. In the spring of 1892, the mission of Baha 'Ullah being finished, He passed quietly from this world. While during His ministry His revelation was complete, yet His Cause was not explained nor established in the world in general. To this end Baha 'Ullah, in His Testament, as well as in various parts of His teachings, commanded His followers upon His departure to turn their faces toward His eldest son, Abbas Effendi, whom He had chosen as their spiritual guide: "The Center of The Covenant" of God to the people

of the world, the expounder of His Teachings, the one who would establish His Cause in the world, the one upon whose shoulders His Mantle would fall.

Abbas Effendi was born in Teheran, Persia, on the 23d of May, 1844, the day upon which The Bab began His teaching. During all of the trials and vicissitudes of the mission of Baha 'Ullah his eldest son, Abbas Effendi, was at his right hand promulgating His Cause and serving His followers. He was the first of all to recognize Baha 'Ullah as The Promised One; accordingly from childhood his father fitted and trained Him to become the center of the movement.

Abbas Effendi makes but one claim for himself, as to his spiritual station, that of service in the Path of God. He signs himself, "Abdul-Baha Abbas," which being translated is "Abbas, the Servant of God." Abdul-Baha is acknowledged by all of the Bahais as their spiritual leader, and the one to be emulated in the teaching of

this great faith in the world. He, through his example, is bringing the spiritual life of Baha 'Ullah within the reach of his followers, the Bahais. He is the first fruit of the consummation of God's promise to the world, and he is the center from which the light is now being radiated to all people of the world; therefore, he in his mission lives and exemplifies his title of "The Center of The Covenant."

The mission of Baha 'Ullah is to spiritually unite mankind. While He came in the East His Mission is for the West as well. His teachings are suited to all classes and conditions of men. This has already been proven by the multitude of elements which these teachings have embraced and assimilated and which they are bringing unto union of belief, spirit and action. Through this Divine Power Christians, Jews and Atheists in the West, and the same in the East, together with Musellmen, Zoroastrians, Buddhists and Brahmans, are being united in thought, faith and love.

What I Live For.

By G. Linnaeus Banks.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true.
For the Heaven that smiles above
me,

And waits my spirit, too;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And not alone by gold;

When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To sanctify the union
Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the Heaven that smiles above
me,

And waits my spirit, too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.



.. There and Here..



BY DAVID MacJON

There are some superlative donkeys that can only be successfully bred by Father John. Uncle Sam, from his fresh circumstances and surroundings is not capable of their production. Such an one is the present governor of Jamaica. Whether he was "born sae," or, like a former governor of Jamaica who had previously done good work elsewhere (Eyre), was only "struck sae" by the climate of that island, it is impossible for us here to say. We can but devoutly pray that the islanders, who have such a tough job before them to set things to rights after their earthquake, may be promptly relieved of such an incubus.

Of quite another stripe is the new ambassador, Mr. Bryce, whom we may well congratulate on his coming to a country which he loves so well, to help "cement the tie of friendship, already so strong" which binds his people to their "great daughter and sister" on this side of the Atlantic, and escaping from the fuss and worry with which the chief "cradle of the Race" has to be afflicted before the Lords can be taught their proper place, and poor old Ireland get the Home Rule for which she has so patiently striven.

It is pleasant to see that into that fuss and worry there has come a new liberal fighter, a London Daily, the Tribune, which has now been hitting out from the shoulder for just a year, and seems likely to continue to do excellent work in hoisting Britannia out of her sticky old ruts, and speeding her along the highway of Reform.

Also it is cheering to be able to believe that, under the present liberal government in the old country, the muddle at the Cape is getting straightened out, and that at last a fair be-

ginning has been made to a period, at the end of which the aforesaid benevolent old lady will be able to say with all her heart to the strong young United States of South Africa "Gang your ain gait my children, and may God be with you!"

Then again in the smaller matters on that big continent, from which so many of us have sprung, one likes to hear of the splendid Alpine climber, the Duke of Abruzzi, having scaled the peaks of Ruwensori which, whether those peaks were 15,000 or 20,000 feet above sea level, so puzzled and excited our good Stanley when he was hunting for Emin Pasha, or one of those other fellows who had got lost in "darkest Africa."

Here, we are waiting more or less patiently for the result of the final enquiry into the conduct of our soldiers at Brownsville last summer. This seems likely to be long in coming and not fully satisfying when it does come; but in the meantime the greater part of the injustice done by our precipitate President is "oddsing" itself by the obtaining of honorable employment in private life by the best of the soldiers affected by it.

The influx into our country of South European peoples continues to increase; so much so as to alarm some of the governments affected, who have ceased worrying over "race suicide" in view of the obvious risk there of "race disappearance!" Many of these immigrants land south of Mason and Dixon's line. They must be sorely puzzled on encountering some of the laws and prejudices in those parts, affecting our race; and this very state of puzzlement cannot fail, as time goes on, to help uproot hurtful delusions and to modify laws founded on them.



"THREE ACRES AND LIBERTY."

The fairy story of science is getting old, but the fairy story of agriculture is not yet told. An acre has produced as high as \$2000 worth of edibles in a season, and no one can yet give or guess the possible yield of an acre under intensive cultivation in the future.

The facts and figures, as well as the methods, of modern cultivation are given in an entertaining way in Bolton Hall's "Three Acres and Liberty," to be published shortly by The Macmillan company. The author has had the aid of such specialists as George T. and R. F. Powell, E. H. Moore, arboriculturist in the Brooklyn Department of Parks, Prof. I. P. Roberts of the Orange Judd Co.; Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, Mrs. Edith Loring Fullerton and other leading agricultural experts. This book may be ordered through Alexander's Magazine at \$1.75 per copy, charges prepaid, and shipment will be made upon publication.

"The Belle of the Bluegrass Country"
by H. D. Pittman. The C. M. Clark Publishing Co., Boston. 424 Pages. Price \$1.50.

An agreeably written story, apparently meant to prove that the whites of the Blue Grass country are mostly descendants of the First Families of Virginia and inherit their unblemished honor and their traditions of cavalier ancestors; also that in a general way all old Negroes used (in the seventies of the last century) to mourn over the good old times when they were taken care of, and that their children were distinctly degenerate and did not work so well as their forefathers, save in exceptional cases.

The author apparently accepts the biblical account of the flood as serious history, and believes that the descendants of Ham were divinely ordained to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for the children of the other offspring of Noah to the remotest generation, and that any one who talks to them, in the present day of freedom and equality is doing them real harm.

All this, beginning with the cavalier ancestors, does seem a little foolish at the beginning of the twentieth century; but that does not prevent the story, which is supposed to be told by the hero himself, being a very pleasant one, and ending in apple pie fashion after a fair average of well described love scenes. The sketches of the people, white and colored, and of life generally in Harrodstown, Ky., seem to be trustworthy; and, as for the heroine 'Lisbeth, she is just as perfect and beautiful and altogether to be loved as all heroines ought to be.

"Light and Shadow," by Perry Marshall, published by the author, New Salem, Mass. Cloth binding, 144 pages. Price 50c.

The author of this volume of poems has devoted a number of years to the study of various languages and has become very proficient in the translation from thirteen different foreign languages in both prose and poetry. This little book is a splendid specimen of his work as a translator. Several of his translations are from the Russian of the Negro poet, Pushkin. He has translations from the Greek, Latin, the Hebrew, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the Italian, the French, the German, the Dutch, the Swedish, the Danish and the Norwegian.

"For Your Sweet Sake," by James E. McGirt. The John C. Winston Company, publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. 80 pages. Price \$1.00.

This is a collection of short poems, about half of them in dialect. They are cherry, clean and sweet and have real poetic feeling; but their author takes considerable liberties with rhyme and metre and makes Mars to be a "silvery" planet, which he cer-

tainly is not. Also, just at this time, it seems strange that an Afro-Anglian of this part of the world should be yearning for a return to "peaceful happy Georgia!" A wholesome disbelief in "Signs" is shown in one of the pieces, ending:

I'm going to sing soon in de mornin',
De hawks may catch me before night,
But if da do you need not worry,
the poet seems to incline to another view.

"A Test of Love" is the longest of the pieces, the test being an appeal made, rather prosaically it must be admitted, by the heroine of the story first to her lover John and then to her lover Ed to jump into the sea to fetch a lost oar.

"She knew that neither Ed nor John could swim,"

while neither of them had any idea of her being so powerful a "wet Bob" as to be able to pull a lover out of the water if need should be. It doesn't seem very reasonable of the young lady, but we must refer the curious reader to the book for an account of the result of the "Test."

"In Greenbottom Inn, and other Stories," by George Marion McClellan. Published by the Author, Louisville, Ky. 210 pages. Price \$1.00.

A collection of very pathetic short stories: pathetic, in that they illustrate faithfully the transition stage through which the evolution of the Afro-Anglian race, or perhaps we may call it the Am-Afr-Anglian race is now passing. It is a very trying stage, to the descendants of the red, white, and especially of the black man; and its length will largely depend on the prevalence of Tillmans and Dixon, Juniors during the current century. It is to be hoped that the country will be spared such a visitation; but so long as the present sample of it lasts, it is well that the more romantic of us, who enjoy having their souls harrowed, should have a supply of just such stories as these, which though tragic, and meant to be tragic, are true to life and quite wholesome.

For ourselves, we don't care to have our souls harrowed. It interferes with business, and leaves man

or woman who submits to the process, unfitted for this work-a-day world.



THE LATE WALTER ALLEN.

(See page 180.)

IF WE KNEW.

If I knew you and you knew me—
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we should differ less
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me.

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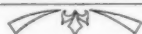
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